

Book and Tract Work.

J. D. McFADEN, - - EDITOR AND MANAGER.

We are encouraged to push the tract department, yet there is a great lack of effort on the part of many, but here and there is a good brother or sister who says go on, and backs up their words with a dollar. Faith and works form a good partnership. If the people would only stop and think how they can have agents at work for them in this way, I think they would be more earnest in working through others. The following incident contains a good point:

This story of practical benevolence is told by the Bible Reader:

It was a cold morning in early spring in Chicago. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph streets selling newspapers.

He was thinly clad and kept trotting up and down trying to keep warm, and his voice was hoarse from cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him, but one only 13 years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments, walked up to him and said:

"I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out:

"Times, Herald, Tribune, News," in a clear voice, which attracted so many customers, that in a little while the old man sold his stock.

He offered to pay his youthful partner, but the boy would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

That is just it, tracts shout for you, talk for you, preach and sing and pray for you. Why then should they not be sent out?

In speaking of some of the vagaries of the recent cyclone the St. Louis Republic says that on the day following that awful visitation a newspaper man "picked up a dead robin in the center of Lafayette park. On one side of the bird all of the feathers were intact. On the other there was no sign that there had ever been a feather on the white skin. Even the upper part of the leg was entirely denuded."

I have no doubt the above is true. I picked up birds in Kansas after the storm of May 17th, and found they were partly stripped. When it comes to church work there are some people just about that way, they are half feathers and but little can be done with or for them. I have found

it so in tract and mission work, and churches filled with this kind of people do not amount to much. Then there are other people like this Scotchman.

The following story is told of a poor widow in the Highlands of Scotland:

A kind hearted gentleman, hearing of her condition, called and she told him, "I am very, very poor, sir, though I should not be so. I have a son in Australia, who is well off, but he only sends me a letter once a month, with a picture in it." "Let me see the pictures."

When they were produced, the gentleman said they were drafts for ten pounds (fifty dollars) each.

He said to her, "Why, my good woman, you are rich, not poor as you think. All you have got to do is to put your name on the back of these pictures, present them at the bank, and you will get a lot of money."

She was living in abject misery, complaining to all whom she met of her son's neglect, notwithstanding he had been very liberal to her.

Many have the "pictures," but we need them translated, transformed, cashed, taken to the bank of heaven through the ticket of prayer and put into circulation that good can be done.

Think over the matter, pray over it and then act according to your convictions.

SERMONS.

A judicious writer says: "Sermons are like streams. Their depth, color, and virtue depend upon the soil through which they flow. The narrower the channel, and the shallower the waters, the more bubble and noise. The little dirty brook, rattling among the hills, can reflect no bright object, bear no burden, and will soon be exhausted in thin air; but the deep, clear river, springing from an ever-living fountain, winds its quiet way through countries, mirrors the heavens on its peaceful bosom, bears new life to many a district and wealth to many a home."

THE CONVICTION OF IMMORTALITY.

To feel a conviction of immortality we must live for it. Let any one firmly believe that the soul is permanent, and live from that belief, and soon existence will seem permanent too. The world becomes the veil of a brighter glory that lies behind it. The condemnation of unbelief is lifted off, since the mind, conscious of its own rooted being, does not wait for immortality, "but is passed from death unto life."—*Thomas Starr King.*

TRUTHFULNESS.

"I said that I wouldn't tell. I didn't say that Maria Jane Camp wouldn't tell!" Maria Jane pursed up her lips, looked virtuous and told!

We look pityingly upon a child who seems so destitute of honesty; and yet are we guiltless? When we give an answer which, though the words be true, conveys as erroneous an impression as though they were the falsest, what of our consciences? It would be a credit to us if we felt uncomfortable "double-dyed," so to speak; but is it so? Or do we, rather, feel complaisant in that we have preserved our integrity, and at the same time deceived our neighbor! O, this obeying the letter and ignoring the spirit! Shall we not "face about," my brother, my sister, remembering that while we may deceive our friend, our neighbor, even ourselves, we cannot deceive our God.—*Eleanore Root.*

CHRISTIAN OPTIMISM.

The years are passing faster than they used; the milestones seem to recur more often; we travel, many of us, in the evening shadows; we look out on life and see it softer in outline, mellowed in coloring, than of old. We are tired often now, when we used never to weary; the rest seems as though it would be sweeter when we reach the end; we are less eager about the passing things along the wayside than we were. But ever growing in our hearts is the abiding sense that though we see much around us to dishearten and to make us sad, though we can see no visible means to right the wrong, no immediate help for much that has made life's journey inexpressibly sorrowful, God will not fail. The eventual triumph of right is as certain as that the light that falls upon us to-day had its being in the sun.

We dimly begin to see that this infant school of a world is but the training ground. We are passing on to see the unfolding of God's purposes, not the finality; our very failures are like the child's tottering steps. The fall does not mean that the little one will never walk erect; but only the process of time can teach the lessons of gravitation. We need not despair because good seems as yet to be held down by ill. God can make no failure. But our lives must be in the current of his will, for then only can we develop and help forward his plans and learn the lessons that he would teach us here.

It is this sense of the evolving process of life that alone can bring us courage—the absolute, blind belief that, though we see it not, God is carrying out his plans and purposes, not only for the individual, but for the great mass of toiling, suffering, struggling humanity.

May we, when we are called to pass the next standard, look lovingly into the faces of our classmates and feel we helped to make their lessons easier, as we go out to learn more of the will and mind of God.—*Lady Henry Somerset.*